

# The Tragedie

*Cat.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well, then no more but this:

Go gentle Catesby, and as it were a farre off,  
Sound Lord Hastings how he stands affected  
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,  
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:  
If he be leaden, leie cold, vnwilling,  
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,  
And giue vs notice of his inclination,  
For we to morrow hold diuided counsels,  
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.

*Glo.* Commend me to Lord Willam, tell him Catesby,  
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries  
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,  
And bid my friend for ioy of this good newes,  
Giue gentle Mistresse Shore, one gentle kisse the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby effect this businesse soundly.

*Cat.* My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.

*Glo.* Shall we heare from you Catesby ere we sleepe?

*Cat.* You shall my Lord.

*Exit Catesby.*

*Glo.* At Crosby place, there shall you find vs both.

*Buck.* Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue  
William Lord Hastings will not yeeld to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head man, some what we will do,  
And looke when I am King claime thou of the  
The Earledome of Herford and the moouables,  
Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.

*Buc.* Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.

*Glo.* And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.  
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some forme.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.*

*Mess.* What ho my Lord.

*Hast.* Who knocks at the doore?

*Mess.* A messenger from the L. Stanley.

*Enter L. Hast.*

*Hast.* Whats a clocke?

*Mess.* Vpon the stroke of foure.

*Hast.* Cannot thy maister sleepe the teditous nights?

*Mess.* So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

*Fin.*

# of Richard the third.

First he commendeth him to your noble Lordship.

*Hast.* And then. *Mess.* And then he sends you word,  
He dreamt to night the Beare had caste his helme:  
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,  
And that may be determind at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rewe at the other,  
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure  
If presently you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post into the North,  
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.

*Hast.* Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:  
Bid him not feare the separated counsels:  
His Honour and my selfe are at the one,  
And at the other is my seruant Catesby:  
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,  
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.

Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.  
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,  
To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers.  
To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs,  
Were to incense the Boare to follow vs,  
And make pursuite where he did meane no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,  
And we will both together to the Tower,  
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.

*Mess.* My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

*Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.*

*Cat.* Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.

*Hast.* Good morrow Catesby: you are early stirring,  
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?

*Cat.* It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,  
And I beleue twill neuer stand vpright  
Till Richard weare the Garland of the Realme.

*Hast.* Who? weare the Garland? do est thou meane the

*Cat.* I my good Lord.

(Crowne?)

*Hast.* Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulders  
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplaste:  
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?

*Cat.* Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

Vpon

F. 3.